

but the ostler had the satisfaction of hearing the valise chink once more, besides receiving his yearly tenpence. The landlord poured forth his good wishes; Mrs. Hobbes came as far as the draw-well to make her parting courtesy; and with all the civility he could assume, our merchant rode on to Guilford.

The mouse had caused him to yield to his infirmity of grumbling; but the day was fair, and his annoyance diminished amazingly, when, at some miles from his destination, he found the wagon, which had left that town for Horsham with the first light, sticking fast in a deep rut. The horses had broken their traces and fled over the fields, pursued by the wagoner and one of his passengers; while the rest, consisting of two Sussex farmers, a brewer, a butcher, and the master of a Portsmouth trader, stood in great trepidation regarding a noted gang of highwaymen, said to be somewhere in the neighborhood. Our traveller cheered their hearts with the assurance that he had neither seen nor heard of them. The wagoner and his help had by this time caught the horses, but all endeavors to mend the harness proving vain, the latter offered to proceed with their new acquaintance to Guilford, and bring back assistance if possible. Such accidents were by no means uncommon in the travelling of those times. Ever ready to oblige, Mr. Fairhold at once assented to the proposal; and by way of making haste, it was agreed that each should ride and walk by turns.

It was soon found, however, that the wagon traveller, who was little more than a youth, could get over the miry road almost as quick as Fairhold's quiet horse; rapid progress of any kind was indeed impossible, and they beguiled the way with conversation. There was something in the active figure and honest cheerful look of his companion which seemed familiar to the merchant's memory. He had a frank, courteous manner, too, which at once won Mr. Fairhold's liking; and as his dress indicated respectability striving with narrow means, our merchant ventured, on the strength of seniority, to hint some inquiries touching his history and prospects. "My father," said the young man, "was once a prosperous London merchant, but speculation ruined him, and he died in comparative poverty in Dublin. My mother followed him early to the grave, and my boyhood was passed in beating about among my relations in Bristol. After that, I got my own living by serving two drapers in succession; but the first failed, and the second was burnt out. I have been trying hard for a situation in London, and though but little to my liking, it seems the will of Providence that I should go to sea with a cousin of my mother's, in whose company I was on my way to Portsmouth when our wagon stuck fast."

"What is your name, young man?" enquired Fairhold, earnestly.

"Francis Fairhold Phillips, at your service," said the youth.

"Then you are my namesake, and the son of my earliest friend," cried the merchant, grasping his hand; "you will never want a situation while I have a warehouse. My boy, I have got a lesson this morning against grumbling at trifles; but for a mouse which woke me up in no good temper, I shouldn't have left the Golden Lion for some hours later, nor have fallen in with you and the Horsham wagon."

Before things were fully explained, they entered the town; assistance was forthwith dispatched to the wagon, and young Phillips, on a good horse from the Crown Inn, rode back to take leave of his mother's cousin. Joyfully he returned to the merchant; and Mr. Fairhold, with his chinking valise and his new found namesake, journeyed safely on to the old house in Cheapside. There he found his family and business all as he had left them some two months before. The honest foreman gave up his temporary trust. The punctual merchant made his annual payments, and the house of Fairhold continued to flourish. Its master found in the son of his friend, an assistant whose business abilities, and better still, on whose sterling principles, he could rely; and as his true worth became every day more apparent in home and warehouse, Mr. Fairhold was wont to remark how much, under Providence, he owed to that disturbing mouse at

the Golden Lion, and how short sighted he had been to grumble at what had been a blessing under disguise.

The good merchant had half made up his mind to call there on his approaching journey, when at the summer assizes, held at the old Bailey, he was summoned to act as a juror on the trial of a man indicted for highway robbery. The case excited considerable interest of that morbid kind so common to mobs in all ages, for the man was believed to be the last of a desperate gang who had long been the terror of the southern counties. Mr. Fairhold felt the solemn responsibility of a juror, as his eye wandered over the crowded court, and rested on the prisoner. He was a sullen, hardened man, whom the alternate want and riot of an evil life had made prematurely old. There was no trace of better days about him; but as his many aliases were read over with the indictment, the last of them was Wm. Waterton. The evidence was clear; the facts were proved. The prisoner had been the companion of robbers, and active in breaking the laws of both God and man. But Francis Fairhold remembered the boy who had sat in his pew, and worked in his warehouse—and though conscience obliged him to concur in the unanimous verdict of "guilty," his reasoning brought the whole jury box to recommend him to mercy, in consideration of early seduction and a misguided youth.

The law had little mercy in those days; but the judge being a humane man, as all judges ought to be, supported the petition which Mr. Fairhold, by great exertion got up, and the capital sentence was commuted to transportation. His good work was scarcely finished, when our merchant received a message one morning from the governor of Newgate, saying that the prisoner, Waterton, begged hard to see him.

Hoping an impulse of repentance might have caused this, Mr. Fairhold hastened to see his lost apprentice in the prison cell. The unhappy man was more moved than could have been expected at his coming, and when they were alone, said:

"Sir, you have done a great deal for me, and ill I deserve it; but I couldn't cross the sea without speaking to you of one thing; You remember, almost a year ago, when you stopped at the Golden Lion, on your way back to London—you had collected a deal of money, and I knew it, though you didn't know me, for I was one of the three men who sat drinking in Hobbs's kitchen. We were all of the same gang, and hearing you were to go at 7 o'clock next morning, we laid a plan to rob you at a lonely part of the road, and I meant to take your life, sir, because you had been my master, and tried to keep me in order. I have lived to be thankful that we were disappointed; but to this hour, cannot understand why you should have set out three hours before the time."

Readers, the chasm was wide between the pious, upright merchant and the convicted felon; but both learned within the walls of Newgate, what wondrous work an overruling Providence had wrought by a puny instrument. The mouse which disturbed Mr. Fairhold's sleep, and ruffled his temper, had been the means of saving his life, and through him that of his intended murderer. Even on the mind of the latter, the event explained by his old master made an impression which proved lasting, for hopeful accounts of him were heard from the penal colony. Francis Fairhold carried on business for many years in London, and made many a journey among his country customers, always calling at the Golden Lion. In memory of his marvelous escape, he had a broad seal engraved with the figure of a mouse, and this motto, "By it God preserved me."

The modest, upright young man, whom he met on that eventful day, became to him a son through the special favor of his daughter Sophy. Kate wedded a neighbor's son, and lived close by her parents; but never did his increasing family gather round the good merchant's board at Easter or Christmas time, that he didn't recall the event of the wayside Inn with fervent thankfulness. Sometimes, too, he related it to impatient spirits, with this exhortation, "Never get out of sorts at small annoyances—They may be God's Messengers."

PERRYSBURG JOURNAL.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1854.

We have seldom read a more effective speech and triumphant argument than that made in the senate by Mr. Chase in reply to Douglas on the Nebraska bill. It is long, filling ten columns of the Daily Globe, in small type; but it is a clincher. Every position of the address to the people of Ohio, (which will be found in this paper,) attacked by Douglas in a coarse, abusive manner, was vindicated by Chase and established by proof the most overwhelming and conclusive, and with a calm dignity in striking contrast with the abusive slang of the senator from Illinois. If ever a presidential aspirant had occasion to blush with shame for the figure he has cut before the public, but more than all for his treason to freedom and the free state of Illinois that he so basely in part misrepresents, that man is senator Douglas. Mr. Benton, Sam Houston, and all the most distinguished southern statesmen seem to be astonished at the atrocity of Douglas's bill and the want of honor of the man in introducing it. Yet they say, if the north does not want the territory and is willing to yield it to slavery, they cannot object to taking it.

Let all read the address, in this paper, and make up their minds about it. And if the review and attempted refutation of it by Douglas has raised a doubt in the mind of any one as to the entire accuracy of the address, let him procure and read Chase's reply to Douglas, and he can doubt no longer.

PUBLIC DOCUMENTS.—Hon. A. P. Edgerton, our member of congress, has placed us under obligations to him for a copy of Capt. Stansbury's Report of an Exploration and Survey of the Valley of the Great Salt Lake of Utah, including a Reconnoissance of a new route through the Rocky Mountains, with accompanying Maps. This is an instructive document, and of great interest at the present time.

Addison Smith, Esq., our representative in the Ohio legislature, has sent us the 17th annual report of the Board of Public Works, for which he has our thanks.

The Phrenological Journal and the Water-Cure Journal, for February, have been received. These are both scientific journals of great excellence and beauty, in quarto form, illustrated with numerous engravings, and published monthly in New York by Fowlers & Welles, at \$1 a year each.

A large meeting was held in Chicago on the evening of the 8th inst., at which Douglas's Nebraska bill was denounced by old line democrats and by his personal friends. Resolutions were passed, requesting the member of congress from that district to vote against it.

Resolutions against the Nebraska bill and repeal of the Missouri compromise act, have passed the New York legislature with great unanimity.

Alfred Iverson, a states rights democrat, has been elected to the U. S. senate by the legislature of Georgia. He's not akin to Knud.

In Warren, Trumbull county, senator Douglas has been burned in effigy, on account of his Nebraska bill to repeal the Missouri compromise.

John M. Botts has a letter in the National Intelligencer, denouncing the Nebraska bill.

George M. Dallas, late vice president of the United States, has been nominated by the citizens of the fifth ward as candidate for mayor of the consolidated city of Philadelphia.

Senator Douglas's speech against the free soil address is very pointed in declaring that the compromise measures of 1850 were a virtual repeal of the Missouri compromise of 1820. Indeed he has no patience with any denial of this, but becomes violent and abusive of the free soilers for not admitting it. But if his position be the true and tenable one, what need is there for any provision in the Nebraska bill distinctly repealing the Missouri compromise act, or any further action by congress on the subject? Why not leave it as it is, if it was superceded by the compromise acts of 1850?

A large public meeting has been held in Columbus, composed of men of all parties, and strong resolutions against the repeal of the Missouri compromise were unanimously adopted. It was also suggested that county conventions be held, and, if the bill be pushed in congress, that a state convention be called at an early day, to protest against the proposed outrage. The 8th of March is the day suggested for the state convention.

We have been politely favored by C. HASKINS, Esq., of Portageville, with the following memorandum of the number of cattle purchased by drovers during the year 1853, in the neighborhood of that village, and the amounts paid for them. It is a very creditable showing for Portageville, and is evidence of the prosperity of that part of our county. It is a considerable increase since last year. We have seen no better or more beautiful country anywhere than that about Portageville.

No. Cattle.	Value.	No. Cattle.	Value.
24	\$480	41	\$650
18	276	6	90
35	595	47	685
90	1725	15	375
30	650	47	705
53	1000	152	2970
		91	2100
250	\$4,726	399	\$7,575
Total,		649	\$12,301

Our compliments to the editor of the Democrat—It will be our aim to so conduct our paper that it shall bear comparison with his sheet in point of fairness and truth, and without the promptings of our neighbors and friends. We have not yet seen the report of the committee on Flood's case, but believe that nothing charged against him has been disproved. That he received \$1,575.41 for his services in one year, and was a large portion of that year employed in his own private business, we believe is not denied. This would be over \$4 per day for every day in the year.

As to our relations with the former editor of the Democrat, we conceive that we are exclusively entitled to determine what is "gratuitous" on our part and what is not.

Judge John A. Corwin has become chief justice of the supreme court. The oath of office was administered to Judge Bartley on Thursday, on which day the term for which he was elected last fall commenced.—[Cin. Atlas.]

It was stated a few weeks ago that Judge Corwin had resigned. What does it mean? Does a failure to obtain the tin pan nomination for senator re-confer the office of judge, or was the former announcement coupled with a contingency which has not occurred. There seems to be some mystery about this important matter.

PRINTING OFFICE DESTROYED.—Boston, Feb. 7.—The building in which the Chronicle, American Union, Yankee Blade, New England Cultivator, American Patriot, Congregationalist, and the Christian Freeman are printed, was destroyed by fire this morning.